

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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TENTH YEAR.

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NUMBER 42.

ANOTHER BEAR HUNT

Uncle Allen Tells His Experience While Hunting Bruin.

He Slides Down to China and Returns in a Balloon.

CAPT. HENRY YIELDS THE PALM.

"Can this be true?" an arch observer cries—"Yes," rather moved, "I saw it with these eyes."

"Sir! I believe it on that ground alone; I could not, had I seen it with my own."

The readers of THE HERALD in our town are all well pleased with the story of a bear hunt published in THE HERALD of last week, and thinking that another one of the same mould would be read with equal interest, and being requested by the boys to give one of my best, I have concluded to do so.

Before commencing my story, however, I wish to say that what most interested me in Captain Henry's story was that it may lead to valuable discoveries, or even vast wealth. But I must proceed: About twenty years ago a party of hunters consisting of four, including myself, went from this county to Sand Lick Fork of Red river and camped the first night near the head of that stream. On next morning we started for the hunt, all taking different directions, intending to meet at a point near the mouth of Sand Lick Fork in the evening, where we were to camp for the night.

I had not gone far when my dog began to make signs that he had scented some large animal. I soon found that it was a bear sign, and I knew from the actions of my dog that Bruin was not far away. So after examining my rifle to see that it was all right, I proceeded cautiously in the direction which the bear had gone. I walked a few paces and turned to look for my dog. But Bulger was gone. Of course I was not afraid, but I did feel a little lonesome. My dog was a large and powerful cur and a good bear dog. Knowing that the fun would soon begin I stopped to await results. I had not long to wait. Bow-wow went Bulger, and crash, crash went Bruin. I stepped back a few paces, rather hurriedly, crossed the branch and started up the opposite hillside, intending to get a better view of what was going on in front. I saw the bear standing on his hind feet with Bulger hard by baying him. Well, I might have got closer to the bear, but did not think it worth while, for I was a good shot and had a good gun; so I took aim and fired. I think I took aim, and I know my gun fired. At the report of my rifle Bulger clinched the bear, and as they fought around the side of the mountain, all of a sudden they disappeared.

This was very strange, I thought. After waiting some time I went to the place, and there I found an opening in the ground which was really the entrance to a cave. Not the entrance, however, that Capt. Henry went in at, but one no doubt which led to the same cave.

Now, right here lies the secret of the story, but I will proceed: The bear and dog had gone into this opening. There was traces of blood, and I ascertained from the sign that the blood had come from the bear, but whether it had been drawn by my shot or by the dog's teeth, I could not tell. Of one thing I was certain, and that was that both bear and dog had gone into the den. While I was thinking on what was best to be done, my dog came out of the cave, walked up to me and began to make signs to me which I interpreted to mean that the bear was dead and that I should go in and get him. Of course I was not afraid to go, but I felt lonesome. However, the idea of killing and securing a large bear, all by myself, at last prevailed, and I started into the cave, my dog leading the way. This entrance, unlike that described by Capt. Henry, was large and roomy. I had not penetrated

far when it began to be very dark, and I stopped to think what to do, when to my delight my dog came back to me again and informed me as well as I could understand the canine language, that the bear was really dead, and that I only had to go and take possession of the game. This I was willing to do, but how to proceed I did not know. On thinking a moment I took from my pocket a piece of rope with which I was provided, and with it made myself fast to the dog. I then indicated to him to proceed, and he moved more rapidly than I cared about going. The result was I was jerked to the ground and dragged over rocks of all shapes and sizes until I was about half dead. In the midst of this predicament I drew my knife and disengaged myself by cutting the rope. I now knew not what to do, for the darkness was so intense as almost to be felt. Bulger was gone, and though I was not afraid, I felt lonesome. So I turned myself about and began to move, as I thought, in the direction of the mouth of the cave. I had not gone far before I missed my way and began sliding downward.

Now, this pass must have been the same as that in which Capt. Henry went down in, for it was perfectly smooth. The descent was rapid, but somehow I became possessed of some kind of fascination which caused all fear to banish for a time; but now I remembered that my journey must have an end some time, and that the stopping place would most undoubtedly be a dangerous one. I passed the apartment where Capt. Henry got off, and noted that it was a beautiful place. I would have stopped there but the switch was not open, as it was when the Captain got off.

My speed now became more rapid than ever and I became entirely unconscious. How long I remained in this state I cannot tell, but counting from the date when I went in the cave and that when I came out, I must have been about three weeks making my downward trip. When I returned to consciousness I was lying near a large body of water in which was an island apparently a mile in circumference. On this island were plainly to be seen moving objects, but the distance was so great that I could not tell whether they were people or animals. I now began to explore the premises, and soon found that the place was a stupendous subterranean apartment, and that the lake and island above named were only minor exhibits of its colossal grandeur. I was so overcome by this fact, and by the curiosities which were to be seen in every direction, and which I will not attempt to describe, that I almost forgot for the time that I had once been an inhabitant of the earth's surface. Around me flitted beautiful birds of every description and color, and far away, in the opposite direction from the island, was a cataract caused by some subterranean river, which came splashing, roaring, thundering down from a distance no telling how great, producing a thousand rainbows.

But I forgot. I said I would not attempt a description. At length I became wearied, and after partaking of a hearty meal from my provision bag, which I had kept securely hung around me, I laid down and soon fell asleep. When I awoke there was sitting beside me a man and a woman. No, I was not mistaken. There they were, and they looked to be of the Mongolian race, but I could not tell. The man, seeing that I was awake, spoke, and said:

"Sur lid lu lum lon?"

Good heavens, thought I, I must be in China or very near to that country. "I came from America," said I, in answer to his question.

"He lo laack e lin?" said he.

"Yes," I said, "if I can get back; but will you be so kind as to tell me where I am?"

"Lu lum lon ling land," said he.

"No, no, my good sir," said I, "I

did not; but I speak the English language. But, pray tell me where I am."

The Chinaman began by telling me that I was then in one of the large subterranean excavations connected with the city of Canton; that the emperor of China had his summer residence very near where we then were; that the emperor and empress themselves, together with the royal attendants were fishing on the island which lay before us; that they would soon return, and that if they found me there I would no doubt be put to death; but that if I would give him a reasonable sum of gold or silver he would secure me for a long time. This I knew I could not do, for I had no money worth a mention.

I now began to realize my situation in all its importance, and how to make my escape from this place and return to my own country at once became my entire study. I at once began to court favor with Mr. and Mrs. Singwang, as these were the names of my newly-made acquaintances. I soon secured their confidence by giving them one dollar each, which was all the money I had.

I at once formed a plan for making my escape and returning home, which I believed would be a success if I could put it into execution. And, now reader, do not laugh when I tell you what it was, for I am actually back at home again, safe and sound, and not much the worse of wear in consequence of my visit to and from the Oriental country. I noticed that the different apartments in this great subterranean city were separated by curtains, and that in many of the rooms they were hanging profusely. It is proper to state here that this place is densely populated in the summer months, but this being autumn all had gone back into the city, only a small number remaining, among whom were Sing Wang and his wife, who had been left in charge of what the royal family had left behind.

Well, my plan was to secure some of these curtains, make a balloon, inflate it with gas, attach myself to it and start it up the passage in which I had come down. Now, I say, don't laugh, for the plan was put into execution, and was so much of a success that I only met with one accident, and that was at the place where Capt. Henry got off, and the accident I shall always consider a piece of good luck, as it was not a serious one, and I wanted to stop at this station anyway. While in this apartment my balloon struck a piece of stalactite, which so damaged it that I threw it away. I think I could have mended it, but I knew that it was not a great way out from here, and commenced the journey on foot, taking identically the same route as that taken by the Captain, coming out about two miles from Frenchburg.

But, dear reader, my story is not all told, and that which is behind is the most interesting part. It now remains for me to tell what I saw in the cavern visited by Capt. Henry. I was in this place quite awhile, and in hunting for a passage which would lead me out, I discovered lying on the floor of the cave what I took to be a silver coin, and on picking it up found it to be a one dollar piece bearing date of 1758. This was strange, I thought. I turned my head toward the wall of the cave, and there written in plain letters was: "John Swift, 1764."

Now, I began to be interested. I was perfectly familiar with the name of John Swift; knew it from my boyhood, and I had always been taught that this man Swift was the owner of a rich silver mine somewhere in Eastern Kentucky, and that he had also hidden vast stores of silver bullion and coin in the locality of the mine.

True, I was still a considerable distance under the earth's surface, and my chances of escape were by no means assured, but somehow I

became more interested in my discoveries than that for my safety. But to proceed: A little beyond where the name was written was a formation of stone which reminded me of a bureau, as it contained a number of shelves, or apartments. I next began to examine this curi-ity, and what do you think I found? The first thing was an old sword, next a pistol of the old single barrel kind, then a number of silver dollars all bearing same date and apparently having been made in the same dies as the one I had before picked up. Having emptied the first or upper shelf, I thrust my hand into the next, when it struck a heap of silver money, but the search was brought to a speedy termination. My last thrust of the hand had disquieted a dozen or more rattlesnakes which began to rattle with all their might, and which caused me to make a hasty retreat.

I soon found myself on a winding stairway which led upward at an angle of about 45 degrees. Knowing that if this passage continued to go upward, and that if I continued to follow it, I would come out some time, I resolved to try it, which I did with the result as above stated.

There only remains one more strange thing connected with this story, and that is I have never since been able to find this cave. Of course when I got out my comrades had, after a long and fruitless search, given me up for lost and returned home, but they told me after my return that my faithful dog had been making frequent visits to the hunting grounds in hope no doubt of finding me.

UNCLE ALLEN.

Installation of Officers at Campton.

The lodges of the Oddfellows and Freemasons of this place had a public installation of their officers at the courthouse on the 1st inst. The Masons installed their officers in the forenoon, and the Oddfellows in the afternoon. They had a dinner at the hall to which all present were invited.

The officers of Cox lodge No. 464, F. & A. M., which were installed were: S. P. Howe, W. M.; D. C. Lykins, S. W.; John D. Kincaid, J. W.; C. C. Hanks, Treas.; M. F. Horton, Sec.; T. B. Hanks, T.; L. M. Brown, S. D., and T. F. Stamper, J. D.

Those installed as officers of Hanks Chapter No. 3 were: Mrs. Nancy J. Center, W. M.; D. C. Lykins, W. P.; Mrs. Sarah E. Stamper, A. M.; Mrs. C. J. Hanks, Treas.; Miss Dora Hanks, Sec., and Mrs. Anna Vansant, C.

Those installed as officers of Lykins lodge No. 305, I. O. O. F., were: A. F. Byrd, N. G.; C. C. Hanks, V. G.; Dr. J. H. Stamper, Treas.; W. B. Duff, Sec.; J. F. Vansant, W.; J. H. Drake, G. G.; A. S. Lykins, I. G.; S. D. Shackelford, C.; D. C. Lykins, R. S. to the N. G.; C. C. Williams, L. S. to the N. G.; Robt. Carroll, R. S. to the V. G.; J. H. Stamper, Jr., L. S. to the V. G.; B. N. Spradling, R. S. S.; K. S. Lykins, L. S. S., and Dr. J. H. Stamper, Chaplain.

Those installed as officers of Rebecca Degree lodge No. 49 were: Miss Lydia Hanks, N. G.; Mrs. Sarah E. Stamper, V. G.; Miss Dora Hanks, Sec.; Mrs. C. J. Hanks, Treas.; Mrs. Mary S. Lykins, O. G.; Miss Cora Horton, I. G.; Miss Susie Lykins, W.; Mrs. Lydia J. Stamper, R. S. to N. G.; Mrs. Annie Lovelace, L. S. to N. G.; Mrs. Anna Vansant, R. S. to V. G.; Mrs. Mary C. Stamper, L. S. to V. G., and Mrs. Sarah E. Stamper, Chaplain.

The officers of Cox Lodge and Hanks chapter were installed by J. F. Vansant, who introduced the exercises by a very appropriate speech. The officers of Lykins lodge and the Rebecca Degree lodge were installed by J. C. Lykins, district deputy grand master. He opened the afternoon installment with a beautiful address. AVIS.

THE HERALD and Courier-Journal \$1.75 a year.

Death in Another Home.

One of the saddest deaths that has visited this place for a number of years, was that of little Carmie Oakley. She was the only child of R. M. and Mattie Oakley, and was 5 years, 4 months and 21 days old when she died Christmas day. How different, how very different did the people of this place pass the Christmas of 1894 from those of 1892 and 1893! Instead of spending it in folly, fun and cheerfulness, (as were those of the past), it was spent in the deepest mourning, caused by the sudden death of sweet little Carmie, for she was not only the pet of her parents, but of all who had ever had the pleasure of knowing her.

There was something in her life that was remarkable. Although she was with us but a short time she had learned to be a good reader and could write a splendid hand, the writer having had the pleasure of seeing letters she had composed and written, which were of rare curiosity for a child of her age. One of the saddest periods of our lives was when the relatives and friends of little Carmie gathered around that snow white casket that enclosed the little form that always met them with a smile on those lips that are now so cold. The mother of little Carmie remarked: "She was our only child, the pet and light of our home."

How much, how very much do we read in this short sentence. We read between the lines of a void that can never be filled again in that home. We read of bleeding hearts left, a mother's anguish, while the painful longing "for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that awakens that touch of sympathy that makes all the world akin."

We will say to the bereaved parents whose eyes are blinded in tears, try to meet little Carmie in the great beyond, where her little golden curls will look ten times sweeter than when on earth.

JOE AND GREEN.

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SPENCER COOPER, Dear Sir:—Enclosed find 25 cents for which you will please send THE HERALD three months to Miss Ida Haddix, Gilmore, Ky., and oblige,

Very respectfully,
JAMES H. VEST.

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